

Complimentary
Dinner

TO

Thaddeus A. Reamy

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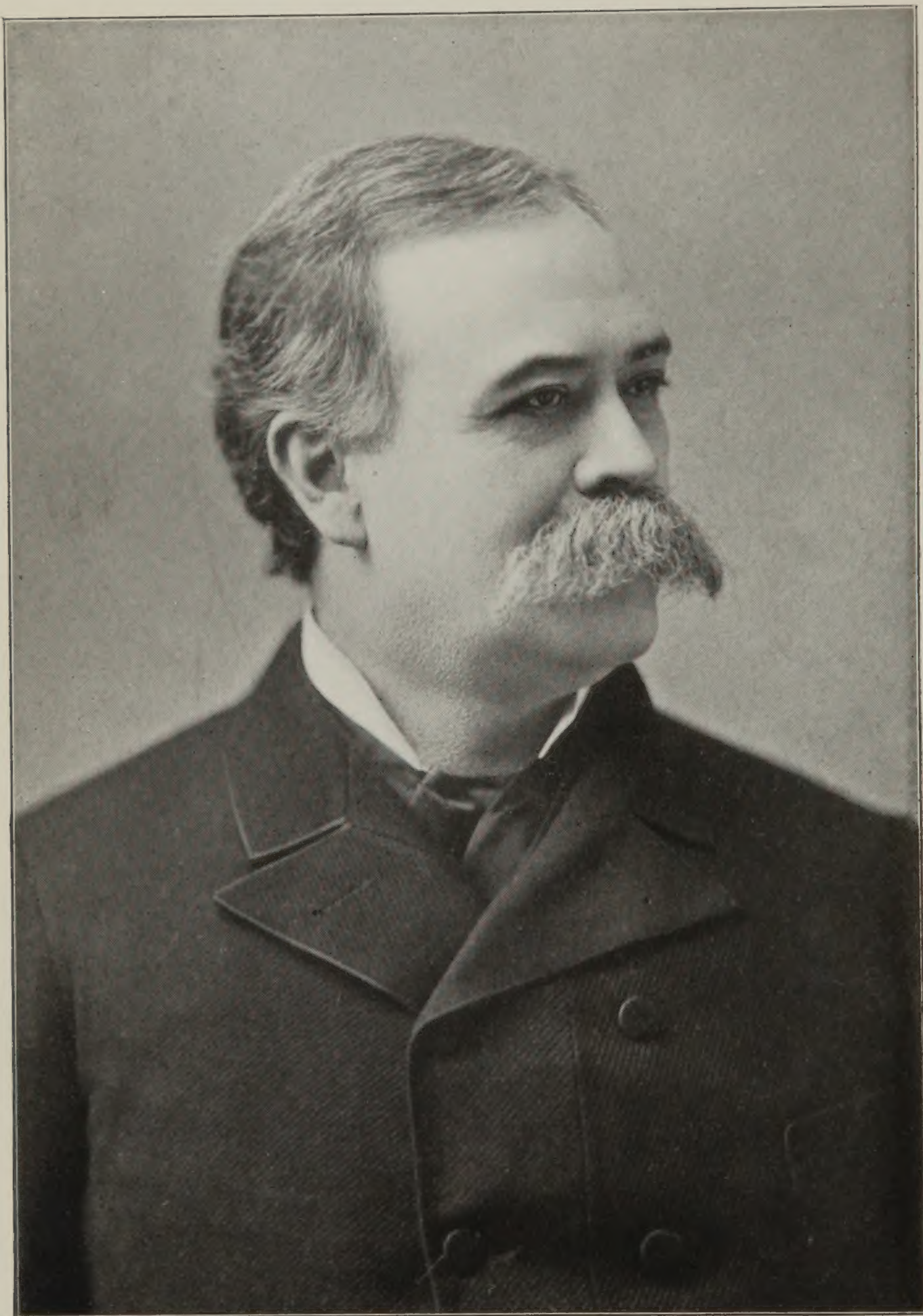
WASHINGTON, D.C.

DUE TWO WEEKS FROM LAST DATE

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Thaddeus A. Reamy
AT FIFTY-SEVEN

Complimentary Dinner

GIVEN TO

Thaddeus Asbury Reamy, M. D., LL. D.

BY THE

Medical Profession of Cincinnati

ON HIS

Seventieth Birthday, April 28, 1899

At the St. Nicholas Hotel
Cincinnati



CINCINNATI, OHIO
PRESS OF JENNINGS AND GRAHAM

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Complimentary Dinner

GIVEN TO

Thaddeus Asbury Reamy, M. D., LL. D.

388121

1900



Cincinnati, April 18, 1899.

Dr. _____

*Dear Sir: The professional friends of
our distinguished colleague,*

Dr. Thaddeus A. Peckham,
*propose to tender him a Complimentary
Dinner on the seventieth anniversary of
his birth. The dinner will be given at the
"St. Nicholas" on Friday evening at
seven o'clock April 28th 1899.*

*In case of acceptance please
reply early, inclosing check for seven
dollars, to the secretary and treasurer of,*

Yours very fraternally

The Committee:

Dr. N. P. Dandridge Chairman.

" P. S. Conner. Dr. W. H. Taylor.

" E. W. Mitchell. " Giles Mitchell.

" J. G. Hyndman. " Louis Schwal.

" E. W. Walker. " Alfred Gaither.

" E. Gustav Zinke, Sec'y & Treas.

The Medical Profession

OF

Cincinnati, Ohio

request the pleasure of

Dr.

*company on Friday evening April 28th, at seven
o'clock at the "St. Nicholas" to meet*

Dr Thaddeus A. Reamy

*in honor of the Seventieth Anniversary of his
birth.*

The favor of an early reply is kindly requested.

Dr. E. Gustav Zinke, Garfield Place.

Complimentary Dinner,

TO

Thaddeus A Reamy, M.D., L.L.D.

Friday Eve., April Twenty-Eighth.

at seven o'clock.

St. Nicholas

The Guests

The Guests

1.	DR. P. S. CONNER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
2.	JUDGE DAVID DAVIS,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
3.	*DR. J. H. BUCKNER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
4.	DR. F. W. LANGDON,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
5.	DR. A. N. JOHNSTON,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
6.	DR. E. RICKETTS,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
7.	DR. B. F. BEEBE,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
8.	DR. J. A. MURPHY,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
9.	DR. G. W. FELS,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
10.	DR. A. B. THRASHER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
11.	DR. A. GAITHER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
12.	DR. J. T. WHITTAKER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
13.	DR. R. W. STEWART,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
14.	DR. J. G. HYNDMAN,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
15.	DR. J. C. OLIVER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
16.	DR. E. W. WALKER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
17.	DR. F. FORCHHEIMER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
18.	DR. J. S. CONNER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
19.	DR. F. F. TISCHBEIN,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
20.	DR. H. M. BROWN,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
21.	DR. R. SATTLER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
22.	DR. J. M. WITHROW,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
23.	DR. M. KOEHLER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
24.	DR. C. R. HOLMES,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
25.	DR. G. MITCHELL,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
26.	DR. E. W. MITCHELL,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
27.	DR. N. P. DANDRIDGE,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
28.	DR. E. O. SMITH,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
29.	DR. E. G. ZINKE,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>

*Absent because of accident.

30.	DR. J. M. TOPMOELLER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
31.	DR. S. C. AYERS,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
32.	PROF. P. V. N. MYERS,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
33.	DR. C. D. PALMER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
34.	DR. S. NICKLES,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
35.	DR. L. SCHWAB,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
36.	DR. L. P. HOTTENDORF,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
37.	DR. O. L. CAMERON,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
38.	A. W. GOLDSMITH, ESQ.,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
39.	DR. R. B. HALL,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
40.	DR. J. F. HEADY,	-	-	<i>- Glendale, Ohio</i>
41.	DR. J. A. THOMPSON,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
42.	DR. J. L. CLEVELAND,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
43.	DR. J. RANSOHOFF,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
44.	DR. A. RAVOGLI,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
45.	DR. M. THORNER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
46.	DR. W. E. SHAW,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
47.	DR. WM. KNIGHT,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
48.	DR. W. R. BROWN,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
49.	DR. C. C. AGIN,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
50.	DR. G. A. FACKLER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
51.	DR. A. C. POOLE,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
52.	DR. B. RATTERMAN,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
53.	DR. E. O. STRAEHLEY,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
54.	PRESCOTT SMITH, ESQ.,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
55.	DR. E. WEATHERHEAD,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
56.	†DR. O. EVERTS,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
57.	DR. H. J. WHITACRE,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
58.	DR. W. R. WOODWARD,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
59.	DR. W. H. TAYLOR,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
60.	DR. C. L. BONIFIELD,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
61.	DR. G. B. ORR,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
62.	DR. W. D. PORTER,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
63.	DR. S. FORD,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
64.	DR. W. SAFFIN,	-	-	<i>- Carthage, Ohio</i>
65.	DR. C. G. E. SPEIDEL,	-	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>

†Absent.

66.	DR. W. B. WEAYER,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
67.	O. J. WILSON, ESQ.,	- -	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
68.	DR. C. A. L. REID,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
69.	DR. W. E. DECOURSEY,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
70.	DR. W. D. HAINES,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
71.	DR. G. L. KRIEGER,	- -	<i>Madisonville, Ohio</i>
72.	DR. J. E. ERWIN,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
73.	T. J. DAVIS, ESQ.,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
74.	DR. C. B. SCHOOLFIELD,	-	<i>Dayton, Kentucky</i>
75.	DR. J. H. BLAU,	-	<i>Covington, Kentucky</i>
76.	DR. I. D. JONES,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
77.	DR. T. V. FITZPATRICK,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
78.	DR. S. STARK,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
79.	DR. C. W. TANGEMAN,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
80.	DR. W. H. CRANE,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
81.	DR. W. GILLESPIE,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
82.	DR. E. S. MCKEE,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
83.	DR. B. F. CLARK,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
84.	DR. D. W. CLANCEY,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
85.	DR. L. A. QUERNER,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
86.	DR. H. P. DICKMEIER,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
87.	DR. WM. M. WILLIAMS,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
88.	DR. WM. HILKOWITZ,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
89.	DR. R. CAROTHERS,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
90.	MR. J. B. DAVIS,	-	<i>Lexington, Kentucky</i>
91.	JUDGE MILLER OUTCALT,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
92.	MR. W. T. PERKINS,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
93.	DR. THEODORE POTTER,	-	<i>Indianapolis, Indiana</i>
94.	DR. T. A. REAMY,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
95.	REV. D. H. MOORE, D. D.,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>
96.	DR. L. S. MCMURTRY,	-	<i>Louisville, Kentucky</i>
97.	DR. H. M. SKILLMAN,	-	<i>Lexington, Kentucky</i>
98.	DR. DAVID BARROW,	-	<i>Lexington, Kentucky</i>
99.	DR. J. M. MATHEWS,	-	<i>Louisville, Kentucky</i>
100.	DR. G. E. MALSARY,	-	<i>(Medical Stenographer)</i>
101.	†DR. A. ZIPPERLEN,	-	<i>Cincinnati, Ohio</i>

†Absent on account of sickness.

Complimentary Dinner
given to
Dr. Thaddeus A. Reamy
by the Medical Profession of Cincinnati,
on his Seventieth Birthday,
April the twenty eighth,
St. Nicholas Hotel.

1899.

Menu.

ZELTINGER.

Blue Points.

Consomme Japonaise.

*Lake Bass, Montmorency,
Potatoes Georgette.*

ST. JULIEN.

*Mignons of Beef, Bearnaise,
Tartelettes Printaniere.*

Sorbet St. Nicholas.

VEUVE CLICQUOT.

*English Partridge au Malaga,
Lettuce Salad.*

*Fresh Strawberry Ice Cream,
Petits Fours.*

Camembert.

APOLLINARIS.

Coffee.

The Toasts

The Toasts



Toastmaster,

DR. P. S. CONNER

Three-Score and Ten, DR. N. P. DANDRIDGE

Response, - - DR. T. A. REAMY

The Old Guard, - DR. JAMES T. WHITTAKER

A Pioneer in Gynecology, DR. L. S. McMURTRY

A Friend, - REV. DAVID H. MOORE, D. D.

An Obstetrician, - DR. WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

A Member of the Academy, DR. E. W. MITCHELL

As a Teacher, - - DR. E. G. ZINKE

In Professional Life,

DR. JOSEPH MATHEWS, Louisville, Ky.
President of the American Medical Association.

As a Witness in Court,

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS, Cincinnati,
Common Pleas Court.

As a Friend of Our Educational Interests,

PROFESSOR PHILIP V. N. MYERS,
University of Cincinnati.



Introduction

By the Toastmaster, Dr. P. S. Conner

SELDOM does it happen that a doctor is permitted to reach his three-score years and ten,—the cares and anxieties of life, the wear and tear of professional work, the exposure necessarily incident to his condition, all these combining together to make it a fact that in the great majority of instances those who enter upon the profession of medicine pass to their long home before the three-score years are reached. Whenever, then, it happens that the three-score and ten years are reached, it is meet, right, and our bounden duty that due recognition should be had thereof—it matters not where the man may be, the circumstances under which he may be placed, or the surroundings that are his. Still more is it so when it happens, as it does to-night, that we are permitted to do honor to our friend and our colleague, who has battled these many years in the storm and in the sunshine, who has done his work under many conditions, who has not only been a faithful practitioner and the friend of the sick, but the teacher of those who were to be lights of the world; who has done for himself

much that was good, but who has done vastly more for the people about him. [Applause.]

Nothing in life could give me greater pleasure than to extend my congratulations and my heartiest good wishes to my good friend upon my right—my friend and my colleague for more than a quarter of a century, whom I have known in sorrow and in joy, in labor and in rest, and whom I have honored as I have honored few men. And I am sure I voice the sentiment of every man who knows him or who knows of his work when I say that no honor that we can bestow upon him is more than he deserves. More than that, he deserves far more than it is possible for us to express. [Applause.]

The latter part of his life, and a long part of his life, has been in our midst. He has walked up and down our streets known of all. He has been the aid, and the counselor, and the assistant, and the benefactor over and over again ; and now, in the providence of God, it has been permitted to him to live through these many years, and not only to live through them, but to come to the end of the psalmist's period in full manhood and full strength, in such vigor of mind and body as rarely falls to the lot of man. And now that this is done, it is with extreme pleasure that we, his friends and students, beg him to accept our best wishes that he may be long spared to the world where he has been, and where he will be, so useful ; and when the end comes to him, as it must

come to us all, he will receive, we know, the benediction of those left behind, and the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant." [Applause.]

I am requested to read certain letters before entering upon the program of the evening. (See Page 133 for letters.)

Dr. Conner's Introduction of Dr. N. P. Dandridge

I AM sure, and I speak it with all due reverence, that if the psalmist had had a view in the far distant future of the cheery face and the strong arm of my good friend, and our good friend, upon my right, he would hardly have felt like saying that the term of life was but three-score years and ten, for the promised increase was to be an increase of weakness and not of strength. But if we may read aright the signs of the times, knowing so well that in these latter days man lives better, and therefore lives longer, we may certainly conclude that it will be the good fortune of some of us here present to meet our friend ten years hence to congratulate him upon the eighty full years of life.

But that we may be able to mark this day especially with a white stone, I desire to ask one who is so competent in speaking, so cultivated in manner, so delightful a companion, so warm a friend, to address us. I will ask that Dr. Dandridge speak to us on the "Three-Score and Ten," not that he himself has reached that and can speak of it from experience, but that he is rapidly approaching it, like some of the rest, and is preparing himself therefor.



N. P. DANDRIDGE, M. D.

Response of Dr. N. P. Dandridge

Three-Score and Ten

WE have come together to-night to show our respect and affection for one who has reached his three-score years and ten—the allotted span of human life—and yet whose eye is still undimmed, and whose hand still responds to friendship's grasp, and whose heart quickens and throbs with youthful fervor for every kindly human impulse. The passing years sit lightly and gracefully upon him, his figure unbent, his hand steady and true, his step firm and unshaken; and now at the end of the allotted span he still stands before us, *facile princeps*, in all that appertains to intellectual and physical and moral strength.

To still be young in thought, and sympathy, and action; to still feel the thrill and stimulation that comes from friendly praise and approbation, when one has seventy years behind him, is to have solved in no half way the problem of living. To look back upon the current of this life brings to us much of charm and of interest and instruction.

Born in good old Virginia, he still takes the pride, peculiar to her sons, in all the traditions of

birthplace. Brought up in Ohio, amid surroundings none too large, the labor and self-sacrifice with which he has made his way, and gained his education and his profession, showed the determination and energy of purpose which have been notable elements of his character in after life.

The earlier years of professional life he spent first in country practice, and then in Zanesville, and it was during these years that he laid the foundation of his future success. Here it was that he learned to be self-reliant, and to appreciate the strength which comes from one's confidence in his own observation and judgment. Active and energetic, and persistent in his work, he learned to adapt his means and resources to the end in view, and here it was that he prepared himself for the larger sphere of action which came in later years. It is always of interest to recall the importance of the personal equation in success, and note how great the number is of those who have become leaders and pioneers in medical progress, who have had their character formed and molded in narrow places, and have received their training amid influences which would seem to preclude the possibility of large experience. Acuteness of observation, a quick insight into cause and consequence, a ready appreciation of the just relations of things, enable the original mind to grasp by intuition what falls unseen and unappreciated on the man who walks simply in the footsteps of traditional training. Thus a

pewter spoon adapted on the spur of the moment to the purpose in hand in a little town in Alabama makes Sims the leading spirit in gynecology of the nineteenth century, whose advice was soon eagerly sought after throughout the world.

I doubt not that the experience gained, and the self-reliance developed during those years in general country work, had much to do with enabling him to grasp the large success which came to him in later years.

More than half of his seventy years have been spent with us in Cincinnati, and here his trained judgment and mature skill has been put forth in the exercise of his professional career, and it is here that his life work will be judged.

It is needless for me to say to you who are collected here to-night what that work has been. You know, as well as I, the commanding position he has taken, the prominence he has attained in gynecology; and his active part in developing this branch of surgery, and if I mistake not the pecuniary success of his private hospital, situated with rare good judgment, has induced more than one aspiring operator to follow in his footsteps without success apparently as satisfactory. It is equally needless for me to dwell on his kindly considerate elements of character, the quickly extended hand, the ready sympathy, under whose genial influence antagonism has melted away, and enmity itself has been replaced by respect, regard, esteem and affection.

“The child is father of the man.” The child of seventy years ago—the man of to-day. As we look upon the change and progress in the world, who would have been bold enough to predict the outcome of the one from the other? Who could have been prophetic enough seventy years ago to predict the man of the telephone, the telegraph, and stenographer; of the electric button; of the bicycle, the sleeping car and ocean racer? Who could have foreseen the surgeon of anesthetics, of antiseptics, of Roentgen Rays and trained nurses, of chemical analysis, of microscopic anatomy, the surgeon of the gall bladder, the pus tube and appendix?

When have seventy years of life been lived so fast, and gone so far? Man in the physical world is no longer what he was. And in that larger life, how changed our attitude toward past and present and future. How standards have been modified, how tests have been changed, how measures and scales have been reconstructed. What changes in authority, in creeds and fashion.

Tempora mutatur, et nos mutamur in illis—the etiquette of the world is constantly changing, the ethics remain the same. The Ten Commandments are as sure a guide to life's proper conduct as they were on that very day that the tablets of stone were brought down from Mount Sinai.

While men have trodden the pathway of honor in adversity and success, in sandals and buskins, in sabots and brogans, in moccasins and gaiters

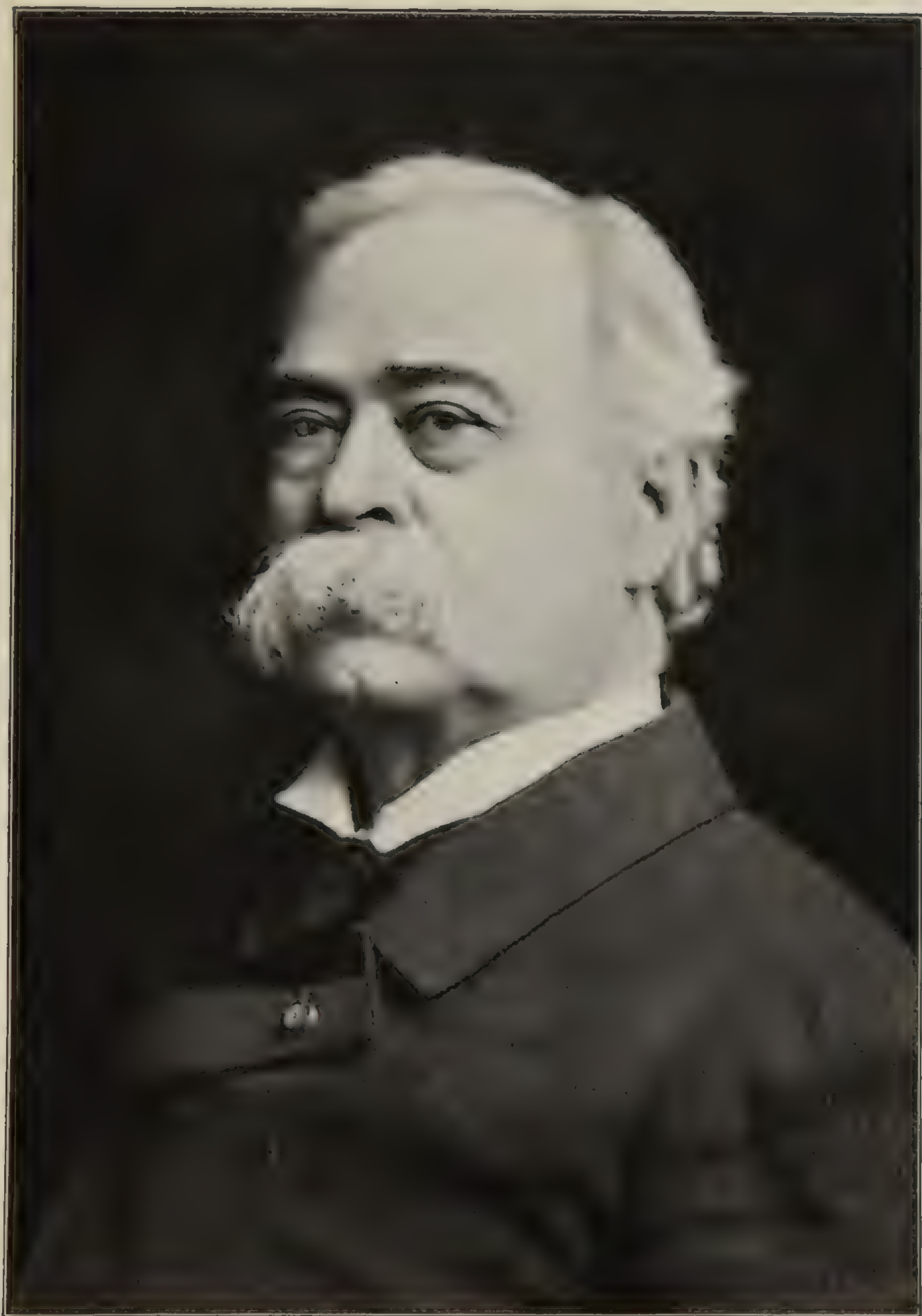
and Wellington boots, grace and wit and beauty, the dimpled cheek, the laughing eye, "graceful shoulders, arms so sweetly scanned," command the same admiration and praise they have always done, though the golfing girl with her spiked shoes, and the bicyclist with her checked knickerbockers no longer inspire the poet to sing of coy and modest maidenhood—

“Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice steal in and out
As if afraid of light.”

The transformations that our guest has seen during his pilgrimage of three-score years and ten outshine the wonders and splendors of the Lamp itself. And now as we welcome him to our board, you will drink with me to his long life and happiness, with the heartfelt hope that the current of his life may bear him onward beneath unclouded skies, and that the lengthening shadows of the coming twilight may be lighted up by the kindly feeling of his host of friends.

The Toastmaster Introducing Dr. Reamy

OUR friend needs no introduction. We have drunk to his health ; we will ever keep him in kindly remembrance, and we will ever pray that his life may be so ordered that in health and strength he may live the days that remain to him, and at last lie down to pleasant dreams. (Applause.)



THADDEUS ASBURY REAMY, M. D.

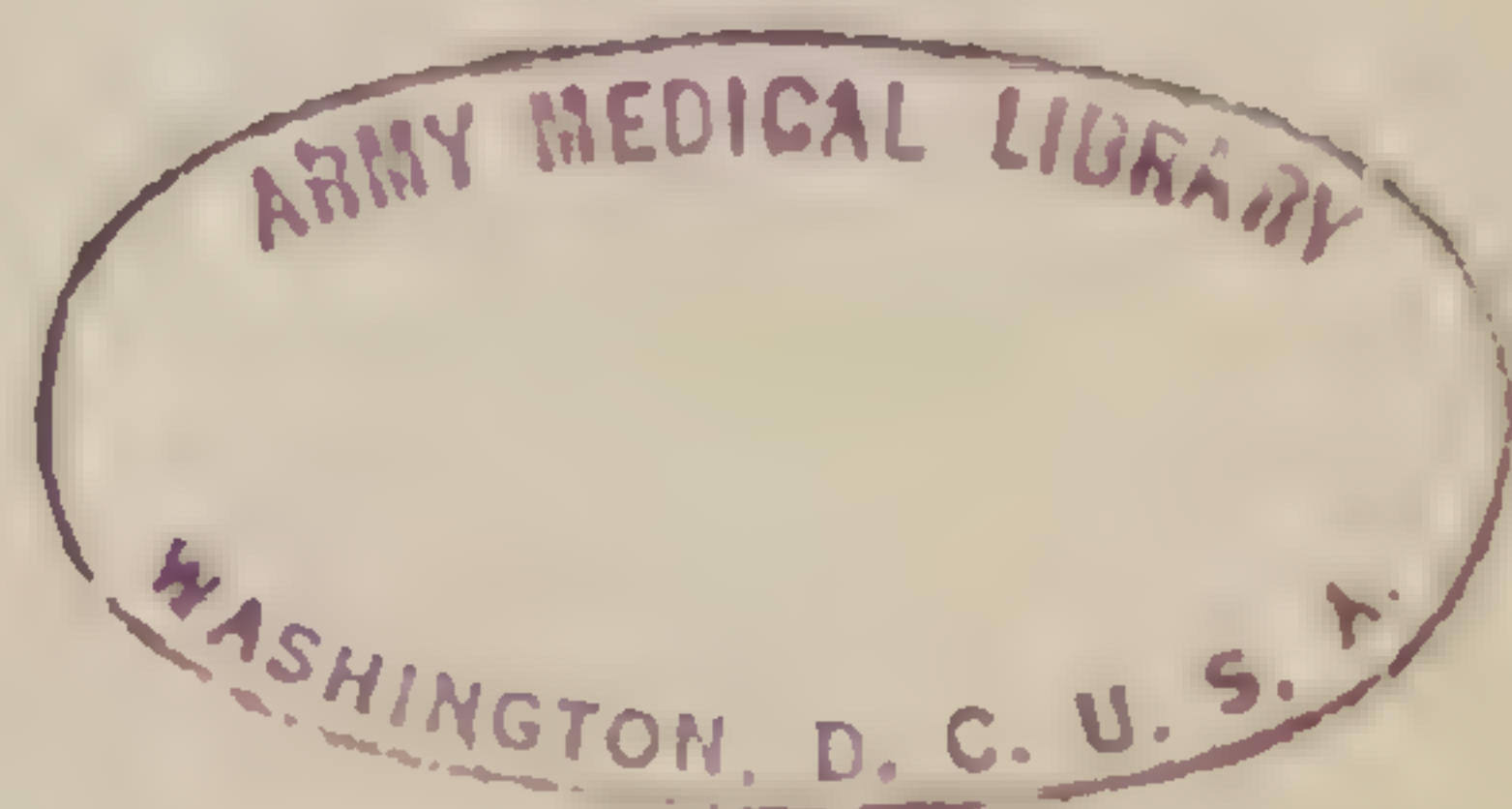
Response by Dr. Keamy

Mr. Toastmaster and Friends :

UNDER the circumstances, it would be unreasonable for you to expect me to say much. Probably under ordinary conditions I am as brave as the average man. Now, however, I am under bondage to emotion.

Fortunately a formal address from me at this time would be in doubtful form. This is not my night in that way. From the glowing letters just read, the most eloquent speeches delivered by two of my most precious friends, and according to the toast list, other addresses by past-masters in eloquence to follow ; quite certain am I that on this occasion, at least, my reputation and fame are safer in the custody of friends than in my own keeping.

Am I not fortunate, therefore, and are you not fortunate that temporary disability supervenes to save me from attempting a very improper thing—namely, making a formal speech at a dinner tendered to myself? When the kings of the earth speak let others remain silent. I will not break this silence, except in intimation of a few of the



underlying conditions and subsequent events leading to my present resting place in life's journey.

The fact that I have, for many years, worked in your midst establishing many and ardent friendships, and have reached an advanced age, might explain this magnificent banquet, this brilliantly lighted hall, fragrant with American beauties; this company of more than one hundred of God's elect, assembled to do me honor, and cheer me onward. All of this I can understand. But believe me. No dream of my earlier career, nor ambition of my later manhood had painted the scope and depth of the appreciation made plain to me now, and all by those in a position most favorable for observation and most competent to judge. This is largely a revelation. Is it any wonder that I am deeply touched?

Through all the years it has been my constant aim so to live and work as to have the full approval of my own conscience and judgment—meantime diligently seeking to know the truth and the right. I was not unmindful of the sacredness of my chosen calling and the consequent stern necessity for the consecration of all my powers to the acquisition of knowledge, absolutely essential to efficiency and the highest degree of usefulness. In this way I hoped for success—for the confidence and friendship of mankind—the favor of God.

For the moderate success which has marked my humble career I am largely indebted to the purity of ancestral blood: The best Scotch on

my mother's side ; the best French on my father's side ; elaborated, as Dr. Dandridge has told you, in Virginia, in which State my parents were born and reared, and where I was born. In 1832 we removed to Ohio, settled on a small farm near Zanesville. The house was of dressed logs and comfortable. Here was reared a family of eleven children—three sons and eight daughters. To the spirit and influence of this home, contributed by father and mother, brothers and sisters, I owe much. In this same house my father and mother celebrated their golden wedding ; and in it they died, since my residence in this city, aged respectively eighty years.

Another asset inherited, which has been a blessing :—poverty to the extent of removing all temptation to idleness and its vicious progeny ; instead, developing without friction or stint, industry and self-reliance. But I must not detain you. You have heard the old story of working on the farm in day time, studying at night ; of struggles in securing an academic education ; of school-teaching ; of my nearly nine years of country practice, which was utilized in most profitable clinical experience and original research.

I have been in practice forty-five years. During thirty-six years of this time I have been active in didactic and clinical teaching. I have been on continuous service in the Good Samaritan Hospital since 1871. In this time-honored institution much of my best clinical work was done. As you

all know, I had many years of work on the staff of the City Hospital. In all this time, in both hospitals, my relations with management and colleagues were most cordial. I look back to this service, much of it charity, and to its sacred associations with the keenest pleasure. Indeed it is now difficult for me to say in which I found greatest delight, teaching or in private practice. In each field I have worked earnestly and, if I know my heart, conscientiously.

As to teaching. Under proper conditions there is a charm about it indescribable. When it is remembered that the pupil is obtaining in the words spoken to him, and in the truth demonstrated, knowledge which later, in practical application results in the relief of pain, assuaging sorrow, saving human life;—at such a moment, when the earnest teacher feels that he has penetrated the understanding of the young man, and fixed the loyalty of his soul to the work in hand, there comes to him the benediction of joy. The most difficult and expensive task in my teaching career was the successful establishment, and maintenance of an obstetric clinic (in 1872) in a large amphitheater. It brought me great anxiety. It was a severe test of courage: but it was in the line of duty.

Finally. Many have been my conflicts, bitter my disappointments, deep my sorrows: so also, many have been my victories, sweet my joys. And beyond there is light!

In deep humility, may I not in this presence say, that my seventy years have not been wholly in vain.

A dinner announcing a doctor's seventieth birthday may be considered an invitation to quit. If I wanted to continue work, which I do not, the laity would say: Did not the doctors give him a farewell dinner when the old gentleman retired? To which the doctors would answer, Why, of course! So most of my business would be gone. I am glad. Surely the charge of idleness can not justly be made against me. For a time I shall do some consultation work. Soon, however, I shall resign all teaching and hospital positions. Still I hope frequently to be among you and enjoy the inspiration of association with you which has heretofore been an unmeasured source of joy and strength.

Now I shall find more time for listening to the singing of the wild birds and to continue observations and studies in my side hobby, entomology.

I am complimented upon my robustness. It is to an extent deceptive; possibly partly the result of habit. I have for so many years associated with well kept doctors that it would be too bad for me to go out of form at once.

Dear Friends: Out of the fullness of my heart I thank you all.

Dr. Conner Introducing Dr. J. T. Whittaker

FOR long years there marched shoulder to shoulder and knee to knee, from the Nile to the Rhine, to the Danube, to the Elbe; there engaged in the shock of battle; there perished on the field of glory and of honor; there was kissed by the first rays of the sun of Austerlitz, and there was wrapped in the snows of the North and lost amid the ice of the Beresina, the noblest body of soldiers that ever stood in rank. No Grecian phalanx could compare with it; no Roman legion was its equal. It will ever remain the type of the soldier; the magnificent, the glorious, the ever honored Old Guard. As this one and that one passed away, he that came in became from the raw recruit the mature soldier and the old guardsman, and when at last the might of the first Napoleon went down on the field of Waterloo, there perished the Old Guard that died but never surrendered. We have in medicine an "Old Guard," the men who are strong, the men who are noble, the men who are true, the men who make medicine what it is, and that Old Guard has lived on year after year and century after century. We have had here in our own city, noble specimens of these guardsmen of whom it might be said with every

truth, "Dead on the field of battle," when the roll was called after they had passed away. We have still with us some of the Old Guard and we have the memory of those that have gone. I call upon one whose genius is great, whose scholarship is remarkable, whose talent is wonderful, to address us upon "The Old Guard."



JAMES T. WHITTAKER, M. D.

Response of Dr. James T. Whittaker

The Old Guard

Mr. Chairman:

THE other day in bidding farewell to my class, I told them they would now go out to seek work, but that they would find every place taken and that there was apparently no room for any of them. Should they therefore fall into despair? Not at all. For I could tell them further that I had been here now just thirty years, and in that short time—it seems short in looking back—nearly every man in active practice then was dead and his place filled by some one else. A short quarter of a century is enough to displace a whole generation of men. When my colleague in whose honor we meet to-night came to this city a little over a quarter of a century ago the present set of practitioners were young men, to fortune and fame unknown.

Where is the Old Guard?

Comegys, Lawson and Wood; Blackman, Graham and Wright; Mendenhall, Mussey and Dodge: Why answer ye not to your names? Gone are they all to the plains of the Asphodel, followers in the great procession, as crowds press on crowds to to Pluto's dark domain.

Is it that echo only answers to your names?

More than that! More than that! The men have gone, but with the mention of them the record of their good deeds leaps into light. The well known faces have disappeared, the familiar figures are no longer seen on the street, but the names still linger on the ear.

“Von des Lebens Güter allen
Ist der Ruhm der höchste, doch
Ist der Leib in Staub zerfallen
Lebt der grosze Name noch.”*

Not equally gifted are all, but all men of earnest mien and active ministration, and whether with one talent or ten, devoted to the service of their fellow-men.

As I thus call the roll I conjure up the keen intellectual face of Graham, the dark, flashing genius of Blackman, the classical Parvin, Comegys, who saw visions of better and brighter things; Mussey, patient, persistent, who saved lives that more gifted men might have lost by neglect; Woodward, with his quick step; Foster, always alert and ready; Wright, who should have been made a knight for his services to woman in labor. Indeed, the obstetrician has always been thought worthy of the highest honors. For,

“Sir Fielding old was made a knight;
He should have been a Lord by right,
For then each lady’s prayer would be,
O Lord, good Lord, deliver me!”

Williams, who caused the blind to see and lighted every darkness with the sunshine of his wit; James, who attended the Academy, he said, only on "Benefit nights,"—nights of contention based upon expressions of opinions, "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*," forever displaced by the more exact disclosures of science; Longworth, a youth of so much promise; Dawson, blunt, terse, straightforward; Mendenhall, cautious, safe and sure—

* "Of all the noblest things of life,
The highest sure is fame;
For though the body lies in dust,
Lives on the honored name."

these be the men, and many more, whom without the aid of fancy I call about me, and whose mantles have fallen upon some of us. They live in their deeds, in the records of medical science, in the gratitude of their fellows, in the memory of their followers and successors. Green be the sod above them, and may the earth lie lightly upon their graves! Nothing that I can say can add a leaf to their laurels. Though still they speak to us of high endeavor, of hard work, of unsullied honor, of sacrifice of self. Let me be excused from saying more: the silence of their absence is most eloquent, as,

"The silent organ loudest chants
The master's requiem."

Survivors of the Old Guard we have with us yet. They stand among us, scattered here and there, withdrawn for the most part from the active

contest, but watching with deep interest the progress of our science, and the devotion to its best interests of the active workers, watching that no great mistakes are made and that no shame befall. For was there ever a time when such vigilance was so necessary as now? Was there ever a time when quackery was more shameless, more crafty or more bold, or when would-be-honest men shrink less from its contaminating touch?

One of our very oldest members, perhaps the oldest, is still in the harness with his senses all keen. He sees well enough to give a dose of calomel, and would bleed, indeed, but for this foolish modern prejudice. Much of his time he passes pleasantly and profitably with his collections of natural history. Another of nearly equal age has traveled far and wide and written well of the Indians who held the ground before us. A third devotes his age to choice readings of the classics, whereby he is enabled to wholesome criticism now and then of the more impetuous members in his visits to the Academy, only too far apart. A fourth, like the companion remembered in the ballad of the Bouillabaisse, married a large fortune and finds amusement in greater accumulation, only, however, in our case, after long years of toil and usefulness in medicine. Another retires from a lifetime teaching of *Materia Medica* to comtemplative reveries in the metaphysics of Schlegel, Fichte, and Kant. Still another comes back to us steeped in honors as a pickle in brine,

after a faithful service to his country finding, as we were all delighted to know, that there were flaws but not faults, casualties but not crimes, in every service in the field. And this, to my mind, is as good a service as to be compelled to take the enemies' life or sink all their ships at once, however necessary that may be.

For we can not all be heroes
And thrill a hemisphere
With some great noble service,
Some deed that mocks at fear.

But we can fill our whole lives
With kindly acts and true ;
'There 's always noble service
For noble souls to do.

Another again is hammering away at his old vocation, editorially, the heaviest blows upon quackery whenever it raises its head. No other hand in this city has ever struck so hard or so true, or received for his service so little reward.

Finally, for I may not call the whole roll, we come to the veteran who holds the first place to-night—a trusted counselor, a sound teacher, a tower of strength in the hour of greatest trial which a human being ever knows ; withal a standard bearer of his clan. Therefore he stands in such esteem and is honored of all men.

Gentlemen, as Xenophon said more than two thousand years ago, "'T is a great thing to be well spoken of by six thousand men."

Dr. Conner's Introduction of Dr. L. S. McMurtry,
of Louisville.

NINETY years have gone by since, in a little town almost in reach of our arm, one of the greatest surgical achievements was accomplished, and woman was saved from the wretchedness and misery that had been her part through all the generations before. That little town has been a marvelous place, full of scholars, full of noble men, full of daring, full of honor, the mother-house of so many of the great ones, not only of the West, but of the nation and of the world. It is to that little town of Danville that we owe the beginning of that which is now so great a part of the science as well as the art of the surgery of to-day. Our distinguished friend, our colleague, our life-long associate, in whose honor we have now met, has nobly and well borne his part in doing the work he was to do in this line of surgical practice, and he has aided much in bringing about many things that we know. As a gynecologist he is known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the wide seas do not limit his repute. As a gynecologist he will long be remembered, and as "A Pioneer in Gynecology" I hope he will be told something by one,

himself a master of the art, a distinguished member of the profession of the United States, who honors us with his presence, who has kindly come here to offer his wreath of laurel to entwine about the brow of him whom we honor so much. I call upon Dr. L. S. McMurtry, of Louisville, to speak upon the subject of "A Pioneer in Gynecology."



L. S. McMURTRY, M. D.

Response of Dr. L. S. McMurtry, of Louisville

A Pioneer of Gynecology

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Medical
Profession of Cincinnati:*

BEFORE addressing myself to the subject enunciated by the toastmaster, I would express the pleasure that I feel in being with you this evening to do honor to my distinguished friend, the guest of this occasion. We on the Southern side of the river feel that we are almost one with the profession of this great city, which lies barely beyond our border-line. The honored guest of the evening has been known to us so long, so intimately and so favorably, that we can not think of him otherwise than as one of our own number. In testimony of this you have present this evening the Nestor of the medical profession of Kentucky, Dr. Henry M. Skillman ; the President of our State Society, Dr. David Barrow, and my distinguished colleague from Louisville, Dr. Joseph M. Mathews, the President of the American Medical Association.

More than twenty years ago as a student I first met Dr. Reamy, then at the very zenith of his splendid manhood. He appeared before his

class a striking and impressive figure. As a teacher of obstetrics and gynecology he had very few equals. A man of heroic build, with flowing auburn beard, a resonant voice, an attractive and commanding presence, together with a magnetic and genial manner, he made an impression such as is possible to only the gifted few. Later on it was my privilege to meet him at the bedside, to assist him at the operating-table, to meet him in our societies and to be his guest in his hospitable home on the hill. During all these years it has been my pleasure to know him as my friend. Engaged in the same work in neighboring communities, he has been to me a beacon light on the path of professional progress. With a wonderful capacity for work, with the power to advance with every step of our rapidly changing specialty, cheerful and sunny in disposition, simple and unostentatious in habits, generous and kind in nature, he has indeed been to the younger members of our guild at once an inspiration and an example.

In his eloquent and touching address just now, Dr. Reamy has told us of his own pleasure and estimate of the results of his labors as a teacher. Those offices were indeed far-reaching and beneficent, but I would dissent from the view he has expressed if he would imply that his accomplishments as a practitioner are subordinate. To my mind—and I have observed him in every kind of work—he is greatest at the bedside. Others here

who, like myself, have had occasion on account of some circumstance to minister to those who had formerly been in his care, can attest the supreme confidence he inspires. A man of tender sympathy, of generous impulses, of profound practical knowledge, self-reliant and resourceful at all times, he combines the essential elements of a great practitioner of our art.

The time and occasion will not permit even a recital of Dr. Reamy's contributions to the development and progress of gynecology. In the full tide of his career he participated in recasting of established methods at first, and later in the complete revolution of the science and practice of gynecology. His papers may be found in the journals of the past twenty-five years, and especially in the transactions of the American Gynecological Society. All his contributions are based upon extensive and careful clinical observation and are eminently practical.

The science and practice of gynecology are for the most part the work of Americans. The foundation of this brilliant department of medicine was laid in this country. The distinguished surgeon on my right has referred to the genius of Marion Sims, who with the bent pewter spoon established modern methods of practice. Dr. Conner has alluded in eloquent words to the work of Ephraim McDowell, who first successfully invaded the peritoneum. On the work of these two American surgeons is founded modern gyne-

cology. The work of Sims was more recent than that of McDowell ; and was popularized and perfected by himself and his pupils. The discovery of McDowell seemed almost lost for a time, and but for the heroism and persistent labors of the Atlees in America and Spencer Wells and Clay in England it would have been altogether lost. Peaslee, in New York, followed the work and wrote his scholarly treatise on ovarian tumors. When Lord Lister revolutionized surgery, the renaissance was complete ; and the work of that master mind, Mr. Lawson Tait, extended the scope, perfected the methods, and made gynecology the crowning glory of our art. During these years of marvelous activity, when rapid changes in the very fundamental principles of gynecology were being made, the leaders in America were few in number. They were Emmett and Thomas, in New York ; Goodell, in Philadelphia, and Reamy, in Cincinnati. After McDowell and Sims these were the pioneers in gynecology in this country. Emmett, an able, earnest and persistent worker ; Thomas, brilliant, eloquent, and aggressive ; Goodell, a successful practitioner and teacher, a scholarly writer ; Parvin, of Indianapolis, an erudite teacher and classic writer ; Byford, in Chicago, a strong, practical man. Reamy, at this period of his career, demonstrated a capacity so exceptional as to be denied by many to be possible ; he threw aside his early teaching and adopted the new ; became a convert to new

methods, doing entirely away with established principles and practice. He took an active part in the revolution, and in mid-career applied himself to the acquisition of a new system requiring the most exacting discipline. With what splendid success he did it is known to all. He was the focus from which radiated the light of the new surgery in all this section of the Southwest. Every year large classes went out from him thoroughly indoctrinated in the new system of gynecological surgery. I have never known any other man who, after fifty, has adopted new methods and surpassed in his later years everything which he had accomplished before. I regard Dr. Reamy the most progressive man after fifty that I have ever known.

It is indeed appropriate that on this birthday our friend should be honored by those who know him best. It is given to few to accomplish so much and to have such spontaneous recognition. To him we can truly apply the words of Sir George to Maclure in Ian Maclaren's exquisite sketch, "You are an honor to our profession."

Introduction of Rev. D. H. Moore, D. D.
By Dr. Conner.

WE respect the teacher, we honor the practitioner, we admire the scholar, but we love the friend. No profession else permits its members to so grapple to themselves with hooks of steel the hearts of those with whom they come in contact as does the doctor. Knowing men and women and children as they are, without regard to position, to fame, to society, to surroundings ; realizing their worth, pitying their weaknesses, understanding their failings, the doctor is in deed and truth the friend of every one with whom he comes in contact, if that one has any appreciation at all for worth and merit and kindly feeling. In the hours that are to come, in the days that are to come, yes, in the years that are to come, we will hear of the merits of our friend as a doctor, as a teacher, as a practitioner in various departments, but we will never cease to hear of the kind deeds that he has wrought, of the kind words that he has spoken. It is eminently fitting that one of his non-professional friends, closely knit to him by all the bands that unite man to man, should speak on Dr. Reamy as "A Friend." It gives me great pleasure to introduce the Rev. Dr. Moore.



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REV. DAVID H. MOORE, D. D.

Response of the Rev. David H. Moore, D. D.

A Friend

Mr. Toastmaster and Friends:

I FEEL very much as if I were at the wedding feast without the wedding garment on. To be present at a meeting of medical men such as this is indeed embarrassing to me, except as I gather pride from the greatness of the Queen City of the West as thus indicated. I do not indulge in flattery, for that is vain, and worse than vain, but I give you the compliment of my honest judgment, composed as I have looked upon this senate of professional learning and skill. The reputation of the medical profession of Cincinnati, as of its other learned professions, is foremost and highest. When I know that this magnificent company has been brought together in honor of our friend, my friend for more than thirty years, whom my heart holds in lasting love and honor; a friend about whom my family gathers with that loving reverence which is laid as an offering on the altar of the devoted and faithful family physician; when I know that he has the honor of this confidence; that to him is directed this high and distinguished expression of regard and respect,

there is no limit to my joy and gladness. I am surprised because I foolishly thought I had a monopoly of the love and affection which seems to be so generously and genuinely felt by all here.

In the glamour of the recitation of friendship so overwhelming, I do not know but I feel somewhat as tradition tells us one of the doctor's earlier friends seemed to feel. I refer to a man who was an inheritor of the same poverty out of which the doctor has evolved his wealth of intellect and fame, but out of which his friend evolved only the disastrous effect of tangle-foot upon person and property. Nevertheless, though this boy was the older, they had run over the stubble fields together; they had in winter tracked rabbits together, and there was beneath all external divergencies a friendship that could not be extinguished. On one Fourth of July when this friend of his youth had imbibed too freely, he was observed leaning over a fence at the outskirts of the crowd with the tears streaming down his cheeks. Somebody asked him what he was crying about, and he replied that he was feeling for his country. He had not been informed who the speaker of the day was. (The meeting was in a grove.) He drew near the mass about the speaker, and as the people crowded closer and closer, drawn by the eloquence of the orator, our distinguished guest of this evening, this man got a glimpse of the speaker, the idol at whose feet the multitude was pouring the wine of its idolatry. When he recog-

nized him the transformation, the transition from the earlier scenes of their childhood, was too much for this fellow, and he reeled about and cried out, "God! Thad!! Thad Reamy, of Poverty Run!!! Gee!!!" (Laughter.) If he were here to-night what would he say? All the epithets of his profanity, prompted by his admiration and undying love for the comrade of his youth, would be inadequate.

From that poverty has sprung a man who, by his own exertions, by the purity of his blood, by the inspiration of his spirit, has won the honor of this evening. O friends, what is it in life's feast but the wine of the gods, out of poverty, out of trial, out of prosperity, out of riches, out of the multiform experience of human life, distilled into that elixir that makes every soul to whom it is communicated inspired, exalted, ennobled! True friendship knows not self as its object but so evinces its truth and genuineness, that the youth who comes from antecedent comparative poverty is made to feel the richness of a sincere heart going out to him. On this farm and on that, and on another Dr. Reamy has established the less fortunate friends of his childhood.

Out of his own home, God in his providence took one of the sweetest daughters ever given to man, his only child; but somehow that place has been made good out of the bounty of his own heart, by the presence of those drawn from his kindred and friends here and yonder, who, not

knowing the secret inspiration of this marvelous life, have yet felt all the fullness and the richness of this great heart. This is true friendship. A man may easily be friendly to another who gives him something in return to lift him to the high places of the earth. But when a man is a friend simply by the promptings of a great and generous nature, that friendship has the recognition of the angel who recordeth beyond, who never misses a true deed from a true heart. A friend who stands by you in adversity; a friend who comes close to your side in sorrow; a friend who takes hold of your hand when you are trembling under the great emergencies of life; a friend in whose counsels you can trust, whose heart can be the receptacle of your most sacred secrets—that is a friend, a friend who to the very last day of life we will cherish and honor; and then in the clime where friendship shall bloom unvexed by the frosty breezes of earth's envy and jealousy, we shall see him in the undimmed beauty of his character forever.

Seventy years old, Dr. Reamy? Nay, nay, you are yet young: the seventies have all the thirties and forties in them; and beyond you shall live for ever and ever.

Such as you were included in the poet's fervid thought—

“Friends that thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy heart with hooks of steel.”

Dr. Conner Introducing Dr. W. H. Taylor

FROM just outside that garden from which she had been expelled, there came to the mother of us all the "sacred primal sorrow of her sex." From that time until now woman has travailed and suffered, and has needed as man never needs the aid and comfort of those about her. Of all the departments of medicine, none else is to me so benign as that which gives assistance in the hour of peril, in the hour of trial, in the hour of suffering, with the danger ever hanging over the hopeful, trustful to-be-mother. Obstetrics is, as I look at it, the noblest part of medicine. [Applause.] For while it is true, as we all know, that again and again assistance is not needed, and nature takes care of the mother that is to be, yet there comes again and again a case in which aid is absolutely demanded, and the highest skill, the clearest mind, the stoutest heart, are required to do the work that is to be done.

My first professional acquaintance with my distinguished friend and our honored guest was as a professor of obstetrics. And great as he was and is in gynecology, as much good as he has done in gynecology, I personally, and he will pardon me for saying it, feel regret, as I have for

so many years, that he did not make a specialty of the care of woman in the hour of her trial, for a stronger and better obstetrician never walked the earth. [Applause.] I have never seen a man else who was such a tower of strength in the lying-in room, who could so patiently watch and study, who could so well see what was to be done, who could with the masterly right hand and arm take the head in the forcep and deliver the child as gently and safely as if it were a trifle. It was with profound respect that I observed him ; it was remarkable to me, and it always will be.

To respond to him as "An Obstetrician," I call upon one who has long been honored as a distinguished teacher of obstetrics, one learned in the science and skilled in the art of midwifery. I will ask Dr. Taylor to respond to the toast, "Dr. Reamy as an Obstetrician."



WILLIAM H. TAYLOR, M. D.

Response of Dr. William H. Taylor

An Obstetrician

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

I HAVE been rejoicing through the whole evening that we have joined in this innovation, this new custom. You know full well that it is usual, when one of our associates has been taken from our midst, for us to assemble and pass resolutions telling of how wonderfully good he was, and how perfect he was in his particular sphere, and what a great loss it is to us that he has been taken from us. Certainly you will all agree with me that it is a far greater pleasure to place the laurel wreath upon the brow of our friend while living, than to place a cluster of amaranths upon his bier. [Applause.]

I have been asked to respond to the toast of "Dr. Reamy as an Obstetrician." Our chairman has said so much with regard to him in that particular field, that there is but little for me to add, but to indorse fully what he did say. And yet I can say from my own experience, which is probably that of many who are here, that the comfort and strength I have felt in times of trouble when Dr. Reamy has been called to my side, have been great, and more than once has it been my ex-

perience that he has come in in times of difficulty, and always he has rendered aid. I can not say much in commendation of him but what you know. Almost every one has had the benefit of his teachings, and I have felt that in speaking of him as an obstetrician I might quote the epitaph upon the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's. In Latin it is said there: "If you ask for his monument, look around." If you ask for your testimony as to Dr. Reamy's character and ability as an obstetrician, look around, appeal to your own experience.

But, Mr. Chairman, I ask indulgence that I may leave the topic that is suggested, for I believe that I am justified in introducing a subject which I can refer to better, probably, than anybody else, and to an experience which belongs to but a few of the older members of the profession. The modesty of our guest this evening in referring to his career has suggested this topic to me.

A few of the older members of the profession here know something of what he said of the feelings entertained by rival members of the profession in the earlier days of his career. It would seem incredible to the younger members that there could be fisticuffs between members of the profession because they were rivals in teaching. One can hardly believe that column after column in the papers was filled, and yet it is true. And, figuratively speaking, if not literally, the champions of one college were always ready to knife

the champions of the other. Such was the sentiment in his earlier days. But, happily, here we have a demonstration of the wonderful change. The friendship that exists between members of the different colleges is shown by the assembly here to-night of those that represent all the teaching bodies of the regular profession, and he who sits next to me may be perhaps a competitor, not an enemy, as formerly. [Applause.]

And I am glad to say to you, gentlemen of the younger generation of medicine, that to this man, our guest, we are very greatly indebted for the change that has been brought about. [Applause.] I can well remember, what one or two others in this company know, when he extended the hand across the bloody chasm, and he afterwards bridged it. As he said to you, he and I associated for years in the wards of the City Hospital, with never a moment of ill feeling, and never a suggestion that our aims were not the same in every respect. And I want you to record the fact, as I give it to you to-night, that this harmony of the profession of Cincinnati, which I believe exceeds that of almost all other cities, is in great degree due to the kindly and generous spirit of our guest. [Applause.] I am sure that you all will unite with me in the old quotation :

“ May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years,
Ever beloved, and loving, . . .
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument.”

Dr. Conner's Introduction of Dr. E. W. Mitchell

NO truer axiom was ever spoken than that in union there is strength. Medical men long ago learned the fact that by meeting and discussing and reasoning they would benefit not only themselves but the profession they loved so well and the world that it was their duty to do good in. We have had in this city for a long, long time an organization, which has included in its ranks all the men of the profession in Cincinnati, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I ask the present President of the Academy of Medicine to say something to us upon "Dr. Reamy as a Member of the Academy." I beg to introduce Dr. Mitchell.



E. W. MITCHELL, M. D.

Response of Dr. E. W. Mitchell

A Member of The Academy

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

ONE of the choicest pictures that hangs on memory's wall is that of a vine-clad cottage standing among the Muskingum hills; and going in and out a young man with flowing brown hair, a man of vigorous frame, of masterful will, glowing with the enthusiasm of youth. A few years later it was my privilege to know this man as our family physician and the family friend, in the city of Zanesville. He was then the leading physician and surgeon, not only of his city, but of his whole surrounding country, equally renowned as surgeon and physician. From that time to this my acquaintance with Dr. Reamy has been uninterrupted and during the past fifteen years has been that of almost daily association.

The friendship, begun with the reverence of the boy for the man, has grown and deepened as the experience of years has taught me to appreciate the generosity, the fidelity and the affection of a man one of whose most distinguishing traits is loyalty to his friends, a loyalty which leads him to think of them and to stand by them despite their

own unworthiness, often their ingratitude. It was but natural when the time came after my return from college for the momentuous decision as to my life's work that I should turn for advice to the trusted and tried family friend and physician ; so I came to Cincinnati for the sole purpose of asking Dr. Reamy if I should choose medicine. I think I must have asked this question just when his latest laparotomy case had a temperature of 104 and a pulse of 140, for his answer was, "No, do not study medicine. If I had twenty boys and one of them wanted to study medicine, I'd kill him." There have been times since then when I have wished I had taken that advice; but there is a perversity in human nature which makes one determined to do what he is told not to do, and from the moment of that answer man nor devil could have kept me from that pursuit. However, when the warnings were unheeded and the dire decision made, no one could have done more to encourage and assist.

It was while I was a student that Dr. Reamy served as president of the Academy of Medicine, filling the chair with a zeal, an industry, and ability that made it one of the most prosperous years in the history of the academy. He was master of parliamentary law; presiding with impartiality. From the earliest years of his professional life Dr. Reamy has been an energetic worker in local societies, and in the State Medical Society. He joined the academy immediately upon coming to

Cincinnati and since then has been one of the most constant attendants upon its meetings and one of the most liberal contributors to its proceedings. A search of the transactions of the society would reveal many original papers, a great many case reports from his pen, and innumerable discussions in which he had taken part. Nothing ever delighted him so much as a trenchant debate. We younger men remember many a battle royal when he crossed swords with such men as Dawson, Graham, Bartholow, Taylor, Comegys, Nichols, Conner, or Whitaker. He was usually ready to debate any medical question which came up and to give his authorities whether old or new. How he could be prepared on so many topics is to be explained by the fact that from his earliest professional life he had been a most diligent student. He read or at least kept track of all the good literature, drawing also upon notes and comments from his own enormous daily experience and observation. He had a magnificent physique which enabled him after a day of strenuous labor to spend hours of the night-time reading, studying, and writing. He took special pains to prepare for the topics of the meeting. Many a time have I known him to direct his assistants to pick out during the day such references in books and journals, he giving the list, as would bear on the subject of the coming meeting. He would then aim to get in from his day's work early enough to spend an hour in looking over this

literature. With his trained mind, wonderful memory, and remarkable power of concentration, an hour, or even less, in this study would enable him to go to the meeting thoroughly "loaded." It made no difference how wide a range the discussion might take he was ready, never at a loss, never found napping. Indeed I think all will agree that he was at his best under the stimulation of criticism. The breadth and thoroughness of his knowledge gave him confidence and power.

I recall one incident which will illustrate his habits of work and his capacity for work. In the fall of 1880 I came to the city in advance of the time for opening the medical colleges, because the American Gynecological Society was to hold its meeting here. It was a great meeting. It was a rare opportunity for the medical novice to behold in the flesh the great men of the most brilliant era of gynecology. There were present the immortal Sims, Parvin, then at Indianapolis but soon after removed to Philadelphia; Batty, of Georgia, vigorously defending his normal ovariectomy; Campbell, of Georgia, eloquent upon the advantages of the knee-chest position; Wilson, of Baltimore; Barker, Byford, Chadwick, of Boston, and others. It was a time for the youngster to bow down and worship. Dr. Reamy was chairman of the local committee with all the arrangements for the meetings upon his hands. A large reception was held at his house. It was at the time when he was still doing a very large general practice, as well as a

large amount of surgery and obstetrics. He was on the program for a paper. The evening before his paper was to be read he came into his study about eleven o'clock after a tremendous day's work which had begun at four or five in the morning. I was at the time a guest in his house. No part of the paper was written. I retired about midnight. The window of my bedroom looked across an area-way into the window of the doctor's study. The last thing I saw as I turned out my light was Dr. Reamy seated at his desk driving his pen across his paper at a two-forty rate. Awakening at six in the morning I looked across the area-way to see the doctor seated exactly as at midnight, hard at work. I found that he had worked all night except for two hours when he had thrown himself upon his couch and slept. At breakfast time the paper was finished. He worked all of this day and until one or two o'clock in the night, and to all appearances was the freshest and most vigorous man in the whole society.

With an intense loyalty to the highest ideals of his profession, he has, as a member of the academy, wielded an influence that has kept high its standards. He has brought wisdom into its counsels. There have been few if any important measures taken by the academy in which he has not borne an active part. His zeal, his industry, his enthusiasm have been an unfailing example and inspiration to its membership. It is therefore

eminently fitting that as these friends are gathered to felicitate him upon the achievement of three-score years and ten, there should come a greeting from this organization of which for so many years he has been a vital part; an organization to which he has shown loyalty and for which we know full well he cherishes an abiding affection. We wish to assure him of our love, of our good will. While we congratulate him upon reaching what the psalmist has placed as the limit of life, we congratulate ourselves that, "by reason of strength," the years promise to be even more than four-score, that though he be three-score years and ten yet is not his "natural force abated" nor "his eye dim," that we may look forward to years of profitable and pleasant associations; that we may expect that he may yet give to us from out his storehouse of ripened wisdom many treasures.

Honored in his profession and surrounded by loving friends how *apropos* to him the lines of the poet,

"How blest is he who comes in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease."

Dr. Conner's Introduction of Dr. Gustav Zinke

NOBLE as is the practice of medicine, great the opportunities of relieving, of aiding, of guiding, of saving, there is nothing that any medical man can do that to me seems so strong, so great, so responsible, so fraught with good or with evil, according as it is done, as the teaching of medicine. If a mistake is made with the individual case, it may be none the worse for the patient, or if it be, in the passing away of the patient, it passes to the unknown. But to the teacher who teaches falsely there should come a retribution without end. He moves the minds as no other can, at their most plastic age, and the teacher who teaches rightly can never measure the influence he exerts. Long after he passes away his pupils, and his pupils' pupils, to the last generation will remember and act upon what has been taught and will do good or otherwise according to what has been taught. I will call upon Dr. Zinke, the successor of Dr. Reamy in the obstetrical chair, to speak upon the subject: "Dr. Reamy as a Teacher."



E. G. ZINKE, M. D.

Response of Dr. E. Gustav Zinke

As a Teacher

Mr. Toastmaster! Gentlemen!

THERE are moments in the life of every one that bring with them real joy ; but there are no moments that give greater satisfaction and more genuine contentment than those in which our honest endeavors and our best and purest motives find recognition and sincere appreciation in the hearts of those among whom we live and with whom we in love labor for one common cause.

We are here to celebrate in a fitting manner the seventieth anniversary of the birth of one whom we greatly respect and admire, because of what he has done for those nearest and dearest to himself, and because of what he has accomplished in and for the profession to which his whole life has been devoted. Throughout his long and eventful career he has toiled unceasingly, honestly, bravely, and I am glad to say successfully. Many have been his trials ; his sorrows ; his tribulations ; and sad and painful some of his disappointments.

Notwithstanding, we see before us, in himself, abundant evidence of a long life well spent ; of a

great battle well fought and grandly won. His was a stout heart prompted only by motives good and true. Look at him here to-night! Is he not the very image of health, happiness, honesty? See how full of manly vigor! How straight and strong and stately is his figure—aye—as handsome as Apollo. He was all of that twenty-six years ago when I first saw him. There is but one change—the color of his hair. It is now snowy white. It becomes him well. He bears it with dignity and grace.

The toast, “Reamy as a Teacher,” is not perhaps difficult of response for one familiar with his history as an instructor. My only regret is that the time allotted to this theme is so short and that some one better qualified than myself has not been chosen for this purpose.

Prof. Reamy, as you all know, taught the science and art of obstetrics and gynecology. In both he was a pioneer and an expert. He was a teacher of these two branches of medical science, before it was my pleasure to meet him in 1873; he has taught ever since, and he is teaching still. Throughout all these many years the student and young practitioner has had no better friend. As a teacher he may have had equals; certainly no superiors. He was thorough, earnest and straightforward in his lectures and demonstrations in both departments. His eloquence and oratorical power, both natural and acquired, helped to make him famous at home and abroad.

His lectures were always carefully prepared and therefore invariably interesting and highly instructive. Occasionally, his train of thought would leave the main track and make excursions in directions foreign to obstetrics and gynecology. The class, however, clung to him, and thus, borne upon the wings of his eloquence, remarkable for its perfect syntax and magnificent rhetoric, we visited in turn, Moses and the prophets; switched off by some moral nugget coming into focus. Returning without confusion, to the exact point of departure he would illuminate his subject with newly found truth and apt illustration.

At times the best class would become balky and disturb the urbane and kind professor not a little. On one of these occasions, while he was performing a perineorrhaphy at the Good Samaritan Hospital Clinic, two big fellows on back seats, not able to see the operation well, were throwing paper wads at each other and one of the wads missing its mark struck the operator square in the face. The subject was a private patient and the husband, who had consented to an operation before the class, was sitting near by. Prof. Reamy, who had given his pledge that none but gentlemen were in the class, was stung to the core. Not a word of complaint fell from his lips, but his eyes flashed fire and his otherwise handsome, mild and sympathetic features portended the coming storm. Silence reigned supreme until the patient and husband had gone out. Then the storm broke loose

with all its fury. What a maddened torrent of eloquence! Every word a stroke of lightning, and every sentence a roaring, leaping, lashing flame. "You have betrayed my confidence! You have clouded the fair name of your mothers. If you will come into the arena I will whip you both in a bunch." Of course they did not accept the challenge. Within a few days apologies had been made—all was harmony and good fellowship. No paper wads were thrown thereafter.

One thing is certain: no one ever went to sleep during one of Dr. Reamy's lectures. His teaching in this city had vast influence in popularizing the use of anesthetics even in cases of normal labor. As also the more extended use of the obstetric forceps. He would say "If you will use the forceps as I have shown you how to do it, no injury to mother or child will be inflicted. Injury comes in delay." "The head in the pelvic excavation, with good pains, if it does not recede after each pain, *there is impaction*. Apply forceps at once and avoid a vesical fistula."

It was Prof. Reamy who first introduced into this city (and west of the Alleghanies I believe) the study of pregnancy, labor and confinement upon the living human female, in an amphitheater. He would upon occasion have two cases in progress before the class at the same time. Many, if not all of those present to-night will remember the serious opposition he encountered from the press, the clergy, and the doctors. Everybody

seemed in open arms against him because of this innovation. It was for him a slow, disagreeable, discouraging, difficult task. Still he made this mode of teaching not only possible, but popular here and elsewhere. When thus engaged in the teaching and demonstration of the phenomena of labor upon the living, he would speak sometimes without interruption, three to four hours and longer, all according to the duration of the labor-case on hand; demonstrating diagnosis of presentation, anesthesia, turning; forceps delivery, etc.

One prominent paper had weekly and sometimes daily bitter editorials denouncing his work, branding him as a mountebank; boasting that it would force him from the college and out of the city. But he was absolutely without fear; nothing could discourage or intimidate him.

In those days (twenty-five years ago) there was no Out-Door Obstetrical Clinic and Lying-in Hospital connected with the colleges of this city. Dr. Reamy had two or three rooms established in the rear of his amphitheater in the Medical College of Ohio. The pioneer work of Prof. Reamy, his powerful influence and moral support, helped much to establish the Obstetrical Clinic and Maternities as they now exist. For these services alone, the profession and childbearing women owe him an everlasting debt of gratitude.

Twenty-five years ago students were glad to have an opportunity to witness one, two, or three cases of obstetrics at a distance in a large amphi-

theater. The student of to-day, if he wishes, can see from five to fifteen cases of labor within close range at the Maternities, and deliver from two to five cases in the Out-Door Obstetrical Clinics.

These are, in brief, the changes that have been wrought in the manner of teaching obstetrics through the power and influence of the man to whom we pay homage this evening.

I esteem it an especial privilege to be able to testify to the brilliancy of his record, and to assure you that his title to all the good things I have said of him is free and unincumbered, and I am happy in being permitted to participate in the festivities of to-night. We conclude with the feeling that we are leaving unsaid much more that is noble, good, and true than we have said of our grand old man, the Bismarck of Cincinnati's Medical Profession. Long may he live! God bless him!

The Toastmaster Introducing
Dr. Joseph M. Mathews

Gentlemen:

THE night is yet young, the occasion is a most unusual one. May I be pardoned if, as toast master, I extend the program to a very slight degree. We have with us guests from whom we are exceedingly anxious to hear, and I am sure we will be given the opportunity of hearing from them. We have, for example, the President of the American Medical Association, who has come as our guest from the City of Louisville to add his tribute to our distinguished and honored guest of the evening, and it will give great pleasure to all to hear from Dr. Mathews.



JOSEPH MATHEWS, M. D.

Response of Dr. Joseph M. Mathews

In Professional Life

Mr. President and Gentlemen:

THERE lived in a Kentucky town a member of the profession that was very much beloved by us all, who had in that village a friend who swore by him, that was his best friend, that upon all occasions sought his company. But one day he thought to play a trick upon the doctor and therefore to a dinner party he invited every gentlemen in the town to be present, except the doctor. He asked the others to go to his office, and upon leaving, to explain that they had to visit this gentleman's house to be at the dinner. This they did. The doctor inquired of each as he left the office, "Where are you going?" "Why," they all said, "down to Crabbe's to dinner." As the last one departed he said ; "Wait a minute and I'll go with you." He went along; and when he came to the house, ascended the steps, and mounted the porch, he was met by Mr. Crabbe, who said, "Doctor, I am glad to see you; how can I serve you?" "How can you serve me? Get out of my way, let me get into the house and get my dinner as soon as possible." I was not invited

to this entertainment, until I asked to be invited. But when I heard a dinner by the profession of Cincinnati was to be given to my distinguished and honored friend, Prof. Reamy, I beseeched, I begged, I pleaded for an invitation, and I got it. Hence, gentlemen, I am here.

During the speeches I have been very much impressed, and especially with the remarks that my friend, Prof. Taylor, has made. It is said of one of the German emperors that before his death he concluded to see how it would be to observe his own obsequies, and he ordered that everything that should obtain were he dead should be practiced while he was living. Thus in that hour when the sad procession passed, when the muffled drum was heard, when the solemn dirge was played, and when the bells tolled out his death, he heard the priest pass upon his acts, while he lived. This is the first experience in my life that I have ever known the profession to meet and say such good things of the living. We may believe that men's good deeds live after them, but it is so much better to hear of them while living. [Applause.]

I have heard you recount Dr. Reamy's great ability as a teacher; I have heard the parson speak of him as a friend; I have heard others speak of him as an obstetrician and a gynecologist, and I have heard first one and then another say that this is the best portion of his life. But I do not agree with them. I believe that the best part of a man's

life is that spent as Prof. Reamy is now devoting his time, in the sweet rest after wearisome years of labor when he recognizes that he has tried it all, that he has been a successful man, that he has been, as his brothers describe, at the top of the ladder. He can have no jealousies now, he can be envious of no one.

You will permit me a little digression to tell you why I left a busy life in my own Kentucky home to be here to-night. It is because I love this man, and I have loved him for many years. When I was a young struggling doctor he first offered me a hand of assistance. There drifted to me one that he loved, one that he had aided and one to whom I could render a service, and this one said to me, "I wish you could know Dr. Reamy." Through her I knew him, through her this proffer was made to me, and is it any wonder that I should have watched his footsteps? Is it any wonder that I have sat to-night and listened to the plaudits that have been paid to him? It has done my heart good. And therefore I say that I do believe that as he recounts the battles that he has fought, the victories that he has won, the closest and the sweetest and the best of all will be those loving things that he has done for other people.

It was at his own house that I first knew him. I saw him at his own fireside; I saw him fighting the battles of those that he loved, and I see him to-day in his declining years. In a short time, it may be, as Thackeray says, he will be called to

God's other country. And when he is so called he can say that he not only had led a prosperous life, but that he has led a good life, for there are many who have received from him that the world knoweth not of. Therefore as he goeth through this life, giving peace to those that he loves, comforting those that are dear to him, shaking the hand of him that was a friend in the past, I believe there is a future waiting him beyond all expression, and no one wishes it more than I, his humble servant. [Applause.]

Dr. Conner's Introduction of Judge David Davis.

FAR and away beyond the affection that prevails between doctor and doctor, between teacher and pupil, between friend and friend, is the deep affection, greater than that of David and Jonathan, of the lawyer and the doctor. If there is any one thing which does bring out all that is good and loving and amiable and friendly in the human heart, it is to put the doctor on the witness stand and let him be the foot-ball of the lawyer, whether he be at the bar or on the bench. I have been informed since I came into this room that for two long days our honored guest was badgered and played with in a court in this county. I call upon Judge Davis to explain to us why these things are so ; why this is thus.



JUDGE DAVID DAVIS.

Speech of Judge David Davis, of Cincinnati
Common Pleas

As a Witness in Court

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen :

NOT expecting to be called upon, and yet requested by the Toastmaster to say why Dr. Reamy was kept upon the witness-stand two days as a witness in the celebrated Dr. Palmer case, I will be entirely unable to explain as to why he was kept upon the stand for so long a time unless it was that the astute and able lawyers who were cross-examining him felt that his testimony was of such character that they could do nothing else than spend the time in making attacks upon his unanswerable testimony, and, as much as possible, thereby muddy the strong and clear stream of evidence given by him. In vain counsel sought to confuse him: his authorities were at his tongue's end, and when written authority did not elucidate the point, he quoted from his own knowledge obtained in his vast experience as an operator in the field under consideration. Each attempt to weaken his testimony only strengthened it.

I listened to the evidence given by Drs. Reamy, Johnstone, Ransohoff, Palmer, Speidel, Conner,

Orr, Zinke, Walton, Reed, Whittaker, Jones, Wenning, and White as expert witnesses in said case which occupied twenty-six days in trial, and I am here to say to this magnificent audience of professional men, that the expert evidence given by these men, in that important case equaled in learning and lucidity that which could be secured in any part of the universe.

When Dr. Reamy was attacked by the lawyer, who had castigated the medical profession, like a mighty lion he arose in the witness-stand and showed the stuff that he was made of, and like a resistless cyclone, swept the lawyer before him—just such as you have pictured him here to-night. I have listened to your descriptions of him: and I wish you could have seen him in the court room upon that occasion.

After listening to your eloquent speeches concerning him in his professional capacity, in his capacity as a citizen, and in every capacity that makes a man grand, noble and useful, I am glad that I can join with you, and all of us join with the poet in saying,

“Such is the patriot’s boast where’er we roam,
His own best country ever is, at home ;”

and the sentiment thus expressed by the poet in a political way is true of Dr. Reamy in a professional way at his home. Your testimony to-night, in an unbroken line, shows that he has made advances in teaching and practice, and has brought to light new truths. [Applause.]

The Toastmaster Introducing Professor
P. V. N. Myers

THE 28th day of April has passed, the birthday is gone. Our friend, our companion, our dear one will ever have the remembrance of the love and affection of his friends, his associates of these many, many years. We trust that he may long be spared to us, that we may have an opportunity as years go by of congratulating him again and again on the continuance of strength, of health, and of usefulness. In one respect Dr. Reamy has not been spoken of. Dr. Reamy has for many years been interested in the welfare of Cincinnati, not least as regards its educational advantages. He has been a most active and diligent servant of the people as a Trustee of the Cincinnati University. It would give us pleasure to hear a word from Prof. Myers, of the University.



PROFESSOR P. V. N. MYERS.

Response of Professor P. V. N. Myers

As a Friend of Our Educational Interests

I MUST not at this late hour say more than a single word. It is now about seventeen years since I first met Dr. Reamy. He had come out to College Hill on some enterprise of knight errantry, of course. [Laughter.] We met, and on my part, at least, it was love at first sight. Since that hour I have loved Dr. Reamy. And it is the love of our friend that has been one of the chief inspirations under which I have worked during all the years that have passed since our first meeting. I know that my work has been better done, I know that it has been truer work, since that hour. I do not know what virtue it is that goes forth from our friend, but if you touch the hem of his garment a certain virtue goes forth from him, and you are a better man from that time on. Thus it has been with me.

Dr. Reamy has been connected with our university for many years, and I know that I may say for all of the professors and the students and the friends of the institution, that the university has had no truer friend or abler advocate in the board of directory during all of these years. The

doctor has always been the friend of those who are working at the university and the warm grasp of his hand has come to us many times, in moments of depression, as an inspiration and encouragement. My prayer blends with yours—God bless our dear and honored friend, God keep him, and call him from us late, very late. [Applause.]

The Toastmaster

I AM sure it would give the greatest pleasure to every one present to give voice to the feelings entertained to-night, but inasmuch as the hour is late, I think that the wisest thing to do, out of regard to our young friend, who should be in his little bed before long, is to say, "*Nunc dimittis.*"

Letters

Letters

27 E. 64TH ST., NEW YORK,

April 20, 1899.

DEAR DR. ZINKE:

I feel very much honored by your invitation to meet my dear friend, Dr. Reamy, and only wish that Cincinnati were not so far away. The good doctor's friends are scattered all over the country, but we have a particularly warm feeling toward him in New York.

He is a fine old fellow. I said "old," but only with reference to his age. As Sam Weller said of the immortal Pickwick, his heart is fifty years younger than his body.

With a cordial appreciation of your kindness in remembering me, an old Cincinnati man, I am

Sincerely yours,

HENRY C. COE.

NEW YORK,

April 26, 1899.

MY DEAR DR. REAMY:

And so you have reached the three score and ten limit, and in recognition of the completeness of those years of toil, your fellows and neighbors will on next Friday unite in doing you honor.

Pardon me if I say no one merits such recognition more completely than yourself. For justness has characterized all your actions, and those actions have in the natural order of things brought you not infrequently in opposition. You have won our esteem, and commanded our confidence.

Permit me then to unite with your many friends, and wish you years of health, for if you have it we will continue to gather strength and refreshment from your work and your example.

Sincerely yours,

W. M. POLK.

COLUMBUS, OHIO,

April 27, 1899.

DR. E. GUSTAV ZINKE,

DEAR SIR: I am in receipt of your note inclosing card of invitation to meet Dr. Thaddeus A. Reamy, on Friday evening, April 28th next.

While nothing could please me more, I regret that circumstances will not permit me to accept the courteous invitation of the physicians of Cincinnati. My regret is deepened by the recollection that I have known and esteemed Dr. Reamy almost all his life. It appears (though I think the doctor is older than I) that we were born the same year. We entered the medical profession about the same time, had the usual struggle for recognition; both served our country when we thought she needed us, Dr. Reamy possibly with most honor. Both retired from the military service with clean records, but with no money, and without places to lay our heads, or rather to hang our shingles.

Dr. Reamy, after a slight flirtation with Fortune in Zanesville, firmly embraced that fickle goddess in Cincinnati, while I, lured by that attraction which is not resisted by the strongest men, was content to remain in Columbus, with a more contracted and less fertile field.

Both, after a time engaged in teaching, and it is to be hoped that the good we have done in the Ohio and Starling Colleges to the innocent youths who have listened to us year after year may balance the evil, and our short-comings. Dr. Reamy has become a distinguished surgeon, whose deeds and words are world known, while I remain the village doctor, ready to go, like the one-horse shay, all to pieces when my machinery is worn out.

We have both lived until we may be likened unto old trees with broken and dying tops in the midst of younger growth, seen at a greater distance, it may be, but we are becoming lonely, and must soon fall and pass out of sight, but my late-autumn vanity leads me to hope not entirely out of the remembrance of those who live after us.

Dr. Reamy is the embodiment of honesty, good-fellowship, pluck, and industry, else he would not be entertained as he is to be on Friday evening. The only thing savoring of meanness of which I ever knew him to be guilty was a decision and an attempt on board the steamer *Magnolia*, in 1862, to amputate the leg of a soldier, whom, with five or six hundred other wounded men, we were bringing from Shiloh battlefield to Cincinnati. Though I loved him then as now, we fought over the case, and the soldier's leg was saved. It takes strong argument always to convince Dr. Reamy.

He is so strong in mind and in body that I am sure all will join me in the wish that he may live to enjoy the friendship of his fellows far into the next century, and that when his summons comes he may not lack a four-in-hand.*

Thanking you for your courtesy, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

STARLING LOVING.

* Driving his famous four-in-hand has, for many years, been one of Dr. Reamy's favorite sports.

CLIFTON,

April 28, 1899.

MY DEAR DR. REAMY: Mrs. Wilson and I cordially unite in most hearty congratulations and best wishes on this your seventieth birthday anniversary.

Honor, and reverence, and the good repute,
That follow faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto him whom, loving, we salute.

I am under renewed obligations, and most grateful, for your kind remembrance of me in making up the list of invited guests to the banquet to-night. I wrote Dr. Z. accepting the invitation and inclosing my check, thinking and hoping I might be able to attend, joining in this testimonial of respect and esteem entertained by all who share the honor of your friendship. But as the hour approaches I find it will not be wise for me to venture out in the night air; and so I send you this simple assurance of affectionate good will and best wishes. Yours very truly,

O. J. WILSON.

333 EAST FOURTH ST., CINCINNATI,

April 26, 1899.

MY DEAR DR. REAMY: In stepping off the street car at Kemper Lane, Tuesday evening, I wrenched severely my right knee. This accident will prevent me from having the pleasure of attending the dinner to be given by some of your friends in honor of your seventieth birthday, which I regret very much. Few men have, I think, reached "the allotted age of man" so gracefully as yourself. I earnestly hope that the arduous labors of your past life will yield a rich harvest of honor, comfort and happiness to you in the years to come. Very truly your friend,

JAMES H. BUCKNER.

GEORGETOWN, KY.,

April 22, 1899.

DR. THADDEUS A. REAMY,

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: I have just mailed my regrets to Dr. E. Gustav Zinke—not being able to meet with the medical profession of Cincinnati at the St. Nicholas, April 18th, on the occasion of your seventieth anniversary.

I am truly sorry that I can not be there, to shake your honored hand, and to bid you God-speed. Though I shall be absent in person I shall rejoice with your many friends upon this eventful day. I bless the kind Providence which has kept you with us unto this hour.

Your faithful and heroic life, has been a source of inspiration to many a struggling young physician, and I trust your rich and varied experience may be our priceless heritage so long as it may be ours to battle with the ills of the flesh.

I feel it in my heart to thank you for your unnumbered kindnesses, and for your helpfulness to me on many occasions during the years of our acquaintance.

My earnest prayer is that a kind Providence may vouch to you many a happy and useful year to your already long and eventful life.

With the best wishes for you and every member of your household, I am,

Sincerely and devotedly your friend,

JOHN A. LEWIS.

2373 PARK AV., CINCINNATI, OHIO,

April 27, 1899.

MY DEAR DR. REAMY:

I heartily congratulate you on reaching the seventieth mile-stone in the voyage of life, and reaching it while yet so young, for one can scarcely believe, seeing and hearing you, that you have lived seventy years.

I look back with extreme pleasure on my acquaintance with you, beginning when, as a student in 1880, I sat at the feet of the Nestor of Abdominal Surgery in the West, and listened to the words of wisdom, learning many lessons that have served me well in professional life.

I sincerely regret that a prior engagement will prevent my attendance at the banquet to be given in your honor. Right worthily have you merited it.

May the sunshine of prosperity continue to lighten your pathway, and may your future years be full of honor and happiness.

Very sincerely yours,

R. C. JONES.

WALNUT HILLS,

April 28, 1899.

DR. THAD. A. REAMY,

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.

DEAR DOCTOR: While regretting that illness precludes my attendance at the banquet given in your honor by members of the Medical Profession, I can not forego the pleasure it gives me in congratulating you upon the occasion of your seventieth birthday, and expressing the wish that you may continue among us for many years to come. During my professional career in this city, I have frequently had occasion to consult with you, and these moments have never failed to afford me the greatest satisfaction. In asserting that you have always been a true physician in every sense that word implies I know that I meet with the hearty concurrence of these friends gathered about you this evening. Though unable to be present, I assure you, dear doctor, that you have no more sincere friend and well wisher than,

Yours respectfully,

DR. B. G. HARFF.

Letter From W. F. Boyd, Esq., For Thirty
Years Dr. Reamy's Attorney.

CINCINNATI, OHIO,

April 27, 1899.

DR. THAD. A. REAMY,

MY DEAR FRIEND: I find it impossible for me to be present at the dinner in your honor next Friday evening.

I have engagements in the interior of the State Friday and Saturday which I am unable to change.

You know me well enough to know that my absence from the banquet hall can mean no lack of love for the man in whose honor the banquet is given, but I wanted to write you this note of explanation.

I congratulate you upon reaching the seventieth anniversary of your birth without the shadow of a cloud on your long and honorable career; and I congratulate myself that I have the privilege of being numbered among your intimate friends.

With highest regards and best wishes I remain as ever,

Very sincerely yours,

W. F. BOYD.

323 BROADWAY, CINCINNATI,

April 20, 1899.

DEAR DR. ZINKE: I regret that a previous engagement prevents my accepting the invitation to the complimentary dinner to be given to our distinguished colleague.

Dr. Reamy is perhaps the most notable figure in medical Cincinnati to-day. All of us are proud of him and delight to honor him. I, therefore, keenly regret my inability to be present.

Very truly yours,

B. K. RACHFORD.

ZANESVILLE, OHIO,
April 28, 1899.

DR. THAD. A. REAMY,

ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL, Cincinnati, Ohio:—

“God’s true nobleman.” May you have many returns
of the day.

H. R. GEYER.

Letters and Telegrams were also received from the following:

DR. WEIST, Richmond, Ind.

DR. J. C. REEVE, Dayton, Ohio.

DR. WILLIAM WALLACE SEELY, Boston, Mass.

DR. W. L. NORRIS, San Mateo, Cal.

DR. J. TAFT, Cincinnati, Ohio.

DR. S. C. BUSEY, Washington City.

DR. MAGNUS A. TATE, New York.

DR. C. B. SCHOOLFIELD, Dayton, Ky.

DR. H. M. SKILLMAN, Lexington, Ky.

DR. C. A. KIRTLEY, Toledo, Ohio.

JUDGE SAMUEL HUNT, Glendale, Ohio.

MAX B. MAY, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WALLACE NEFF, Washington, D. C.

WM. H. TAFT, Cincinnati, Ohio.

BRENT ARNOLD, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Honored at Seventy

Editorial by Rev. D. H. Moore, D. D., in the Western
Christian Advocate, May 3, 1899

Honored at Seventy

Editorial Western Christian Advocate, May 3, 1899.

The Medical profession of Cincinnati paid almost unequaled honors to Dr. Thaddeus A. Reamy on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. On the evening of the date, April 28th, his colleagues spread a great feast for him in the elegant banqueting-hall of the Hotel St. Nicholas. A profusion of American beauties, palms, and ferns, music from an invisible orchestra, and a glow of fraternal cheer, made an atmosphere of tropical friendship. The distinguished Dr. Conner presided, and most felicitously introduced the various speakers, whose personal references sent the blood to the face and tears to the eyes of the guest of honor. So well preserved, so vivacious, so intelligently sympathetic with the professional, literary, and social movements of the day is Dr. Reamy, that one finds it difficult to realize that he has entered the last decade allotted to the life of man. Probably he never realized it until the full significance of the occasion burst upon him. Then his voice grew tremulous and the tears gathered, and he had to pull himself together and assert his unconquerable will.

To the writer, who had known him with the intimacy of a brother for thirty-four years, it was extremely gratifying to hear the tributes of his colleagues to his ability, originality, and progressiveness as a physician and surgeon.

The famous gynecologist, Dr. McMurtry, of Kentucky, declared that he was one of the very few who, after reaching

the age of fifty, struck out in new paths. His skill and knowledge in obstetrics were so remarkable that one speaker deplored that he had allowed himself to be turned toward gynecology, in which the consensus of opinion was that he merited the world-wide fame he had won.

Dr. Zinke, his enthusiastic eulogist as a teacher, thought him pre-eminent before the class. But Dr. W. H. Taylor, besides bearing strong testimony to the remarkable strength in the profession, paid him the singular compliment that his influence had prepared the way and brought about the present cordial relations between the adherents of the various medical colleges represented in the academy, a relation so markedly in contrast with the bickering and strife that formerly obtained. Indeed, his royal character as a friend was sketched from many sides—his kindness to students, to beginners, to fellow-practitioners, to those who could not repay in kind; and the blessed fact was brought out that a great share of his fortune is devoted to the support or help of those whose burdens he has assumed.

From States adjacent, physicians came to do him honor, whilst letters and telegrams poured in from every section of the country.

The doctor's response was touchingly simple and tender. He ascribed all his success to the pure blood he inherited from his Scotch-French parentage; to the godly example and precepts of his childhood home, and to the discipline of poverty.

Amid blooming gardens, and singing birds, and gamboling squirrels; with devoted wife and true friends; with the solacements of letters and of piety; three times a week visiting the city, doing just enough practice to keep in touch with the profession to which he has given his life, he proposes, on his beautiful farm near Jones Station, Butler County, Ohio,—

“To crown in shades like these
A youth of labor with an age of ease.”

The doctor's loyalty to our Church is well known, and his hospitality to our ministers has been limited only by the opportunity to extend it. Ten thousand unheralded deeds of charity are on record above ; and his dawning old age has no better description than these lines of Goldsmith's:

“ Thus on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past ! ”

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